

## George's Dream

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## George's Dream

by [bellafeir](#)

### Summary

In which George dreams of his best friend palming him as he wakes up.

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Dreaming, George ends up in Dream's lap, and Dream leaves lustful marks and provides unpredicted dominance as the world around them shifts. Soon, George and Dream go further than just kissing, leading the contact between them to intensify, until George is suddenly awoken with a tightness still pressing within his pants and the startling thought of having a wet dream about his best friend lingering on his mind.

### Notes

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See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The last thing George expected to wake up to was a hand palming his crotch and tingly-sweet lips on his neck.

He opened his eyes, alarmed. Immediately distracted, he was staring at his walls... but then again... they weren't his walls. They were, but they weren't. You see, they were purple. George's walls were not purple. But as soon as he realized it, he forgot again... because one, he was colorblind, so in actuality, he could not see purple, and two, he noticed the view out his window. There were... clouds? He tried to "look harder," wondering that maybe, just maybe, they would disappear.

Then he remembered the reason he had opened his eyes in the first place and was, right then, largely aware of the mouth making its way from his neck to his collar bone. He groaned at the tightness coming from down below, the mystery hand applying more pressure.

His alarm was replaced with pleasure and comfort fast enough to be severely concerning if George hadn't been dreaming. But George didn't know he wasn't dreaming. He hadn't even given it one thought.

A small moan escaped his lips, and he tried to crane neck his neck back to see who could possibly be doing these unspeakable things to him. His eyes widened when he saw his best friend's face. Dream's eyes were half-lidded, staring back at him, cheeks flushed. His expression was... hot... almost "movie perfect." Dream's freckles seemed splattered like a lousy paintbrush flicked unintentionally on Dream's face.

Dream leaned down and kissed George's neck again, sucking harder than before.

If it weren't a dream, George probably would have freaked out. But you act differently in dreams; everyone knows this.

He reached his hand back and cradled Dream's head, Dream continuing to work his magic on the soft pale skin on the side of George's neck.

George calmly spoke.

"Dream what are you-"

He was cut off.

"I know, I know we're not supposed to do this till later, but I thought... I don't know. I thought we could have some fun."

George was confused at Dream's words. Very confused. Even so, he decided to just go with it.

"Oh, right, of course," George smiled, but his eyebrows knit together, trying to figure out why this was so weird.

He noticed his walls were now yellow, and his forehead crinkled even more.

"You seem tense. Just relax," Dream said. He palmed George once again, and George pushed his head back into Dream's chest.

"We should probably sit up," Dream replied to nothing in particular. "That way, they can't get us."

For some reason, George knew what he was talking about, but then again, he didn't at all.

Dream removed his hand from George's crotch and sat up. George followed his lead and sat up as well, turning around to face Dream and noticing that the room they were in had gotten smaller and that they were now sitting on a blue velvet couch instead of his soft, white-sheeted bed.

"There," Dream smirked, "Now, they won't ever find us." He outstretched his hand and pulled on George's sweatshirt, bringing their lips together in a heated interlocking.

George was slightly confused, questioning if this was really happening, but soon he began kissing Dream back with the same intensity that Dream's was using on him.

Dream twisted his fist full of the fabric that was attached to George and pulled it closer, their kiss becoming needier and needier as time went on. They pulled away for a half-second before Dream tilted his head the other way and went in again, making George's heart flutter with the expression he wore.

George parted his lips further, and Dream didn't waste one second in sipping his tongue in and dominating the kiss. Dream casually let go of George's shirt and temporarily broke their kiss to grip George's hips and hoist him up onto Dream's own lap. George readjusted to place a knee on either side of him and placed both hands on Dream's shoulders.

The room seemed to dim, and now the walls were the same color as the couch; it was quite trippy.

Dream smiled at George and leaned in again, his hold on George getting tighter. George flushed, and just like Dream, leaned in to kiss him. This one was slow and passionate; one long, drawn-out connection.

When George was least expecting it, Dream, in one movement, pulled George's hips flush in his, their crotches dangerously pressed together. George let out a noise he didn't mean to, and he felt Dream smirk into their kiss. He fought his way into George's mouth once more and moved one of his hands to slide under the hem of George's shirt, sending tingles throughout George's chest.

George, on the other hand, was impatient. His pants were becoming unbelievably tight, and he needed some relief badly. Without thinking, he thrust his hips forward and moaned at the simplest of the pleasure it gave him.

*You're so needy, aren't you?*

Dream's words echoed like they were making out in a cave. George thought for a moment but then realized that they were still kissing, so how would Dream say what he had said?

*Grinding on me to get relief like that...*

George heard it again.

He pulled away from Dream and stared into his green but golden eyes. Dream smiled with a closed-lip devilish smirk. He was doing it on purpose.

*Do it again.*

After a second of hesitation, George bit his lip and rubbed his crotch up against Dream, whimpering and letting his eyes flutter.

*Again.*

George buried his head into the crook of Dream's neck and rutted his hips one more time.

*That's it. Keep going. You're doing so good for me.*

George ground his hips into Dream's and found a steady rhythm, opening his mouth and muffling

his soft moans in Dream's neck. His hands tightened their latch behind Dream's neck, and Dream returned both hands to George's hips, helping him grind.

"Feels so... good," George breathed.

*I'm glad you're all mine. I got lucky.*

George felt his face heat up. He loved it when Dream told him he was doing good, or when he complimented him, or when he made shuttle flirty jokes. It was a shame George thought this was real.

George's arms pulled on Dream, desperate breaths escaping his lips and adrenaline running through his veins, as he moved his hips in little circles, Dream holding and supporting him as he continued pleasuring himself.

*That feel good? I want you to feel good.*

"Mh-hm," George whined and sped up the pace. He couldn't stop; It felt too good. He moaned and nipped at the skin on Dream's collar bone.

*You look so good frustrated like this. You look so good...*

"Dream- I-" he whined. "-need more..."

And just like that, Dream thrust up his hips.

George took a sharp intake of breath and moved his hips in circles again.

Dream did it again.

There was a faint ringing noise in the back of his mind. He ignored it.

"Unh, please."

*Fuck, you feel so good.*

"Dream, I'm- I'm close," George's voice was soft and restrained.

*Already? How cute.*

There was another ringing noise, much louder this time.

George whimpered and met Dream's thrusts with his own little ruts.

The ringing wouldn't stop. And it was loud, too loud.

In his frustration, George reached out and slammed the clock next to him on the table that hadn't been there two seconds ago. It was finally quiet, leaving a comfortable silence in... his bedroom? He was laying down... in his... bed?

George turned back to-

Dream wasn't there. No one was. Just a lonely pillow tucked under the covers next to him in the direction he had turned from.

He noticed the tightness in his pants again.

Fuck.

End Notes

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